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lay his back up agin a stone, an' swear if he doesn't give it to you afore you count a score, you'll grind the pint ov your knife agin the stone through him at his back; an' don't be palaverin' wid him at all at all."

In the mean time Donogh went to fish the next day as usual; and being very successful, he trudged to Macroom the day following, and never paused on his way until he reached the castle of Teige More McCarthy the Magnificent; but who now could, with more truth, be called the beggar: for though he still held his rank and his castle, yet he was indebted to the charitable donations of his serfs and tenantry for the support of himself and his daughter, the fair Maiga. Donogh entered the castle, and again beheld the sun of his heart with her father. He approached them cap in hand, and displayed the contents of his basket before them. The steward came and made excuses about the money; but Donogh could neither hear nor see; his attention was fixed, and his senses all engaged in contemplating the perfect form and peerless beauties of the chieftain's daughter; and when she retired with her father, the love-smitten cripple turned away, forgetting that such things as his fish and basket were in the world. His mother was surprised at the alteration in her son's demeanour, no less than at his returning from Macroom without certain articles which she desired him to bring; but when questioned, he answered so foolishly, and so wide, that she deemed for certain her only child must have been fairy-struck, and, consequently, beyond human relief.

Carrickadhroid was at this time a wild, uninhabited spot; and the rock rose craggy and steep from the centre of the river, with here and there stunted shrubs starting from the fissures; and the banks were wild, steep, and rugged. This river was the favourite resort of Donogh Caum: its silence and gloom accorded with the tumult within his mind; and, from morn to eve he used to lie stretched listlessly on the green turf in a tangled copse, poring over the running river, and picturing to his mind's eye the enchanting form of Maiga, or cursing the lot of poverty and wretchedness that was cast for him. One evening while thus extended beneath the rays of the setting sun, he heard again the quick continued, though light tapping, which led him to the haunt of the leprawaun before; and bending his ear to listen, he silently gathered himself to his limbs. "'Tis he again," said he to himself, "there's no one ever heard him once, or seen him once, but heard and seen him three times, iv they didn't obtain their wish at first: the third is the worst chance—now fortune befriend the poor cripple!" He anxiously and cautiously stole to the spot from whence the sounds issued, and seated at the foot of a dwarf alder, he beheld, busily engaged at his old employment, the withered little man of the brake. Donogh fixed his eyes upon him, and drawing his skhein from his pocket opened the blade stealthily, and then approached the old man with a rapid stride.—The ill-fared tiny thing grimaced up in his face as he darkened the sun-beam with his shadow.

"It's you again, then, Donogh O'Driscoll—an' how are you? an' how did you get away from Manus O'Mahony's mad bull?" said he.

"I have you agin, you treacherous ould miser," said Donogh, seizing him with a firm grasp; "an', be my conscience, you won't get away so easy as you did before."

"Look at that fellow there," said the old man, "making game ov your hump an' crooked leg?"

"I'll not question or answer with you," said Donogh; "but as sure as I stand here, crooked and deformed as I am, iv you don't bring up this minnit as much raal goold guineas as I'll be able to carry home, I'll have your blood to manure this barren spot where I stand."

"Wisha, then, its very wicked entirely you are this evenin'," said the leprawaun; "but there's the beautiful Maiga, and her father, Teige More, comin' up alongside the river yandher."

Donogh started—the old man touched his heart strings, yet he paused, and at once perceived the drift, and determined not to change his look if death were at his back.

"Speak to me no more," said he to the old man; "don't speak to me one word, but bring up the goold here afore me this minnit, an' give it up, right and title,

into my hands afore I count a score, or it'll be your last iv it was to be my own last the next minnit;" and he laid the leprawaun's back against a stone, and the point of the knife to his breast and began counting as fast as he could—"one, two, three, &c." until he reached fifteen; and seeing the old man had not spoken, he grew furiously angry, and pressed the knife tightly against his body.

"Stop, stop!" cried the leprawaun; "you're a lucky man, Donogh O'Driscoll, and you've won the day. I'll give you more than you ask, or more than you require;" and he stamped with his foot upon the spot where he stood, which opened, and disclosed a long, deep earthen vessel filled to overflowing with gold and silver; in which several antique and uncommon wrought ornaments, flaming with gems and diamonds, were mingled.

"But is this all raal gold now; it won't turn to cock-bo: an' will you give it all to me?" said Donogh, between doubt and joy.

"Fool!" said the leprawaun indignantly; "isn't my word pledged; and do you imagine, like the clayey sons of earth, that we children of a brighter sphere will cheat and break promise, when once that promise is given? Let me go;" and with a violent jerk he flung himself out of the grasp of Donogh; and, as rapid as thought, changed from the wrinkled old man to that of a young and fair-formed, though still small and tiny being; and waving his hand, "Donogh," he said, "you will be happy—I have said it;" and breaking a branch from the dwarf alder bush, he struck Donogh a smart blow across the face, which deprived him of sight for a few moments; and when he again looked about him, the leprawaun was vanished.—The little cavern was still open; and beneath the treasure shone up, dazzling the eyes of the bewildered Donogh. He stooped and gathered some of the gold and silver, with which he filled his pockets; and replacing the cover on the broad and deep earthen unformed vessel, covered it up with clay and moss, and returned home to his mother. The old woman started when she beheld him. "Wisha, then, who are you?" she asked in surprise and fright: "your face is the face of my own bouchal—your voice is the voice that used to gladden my heart; but he was humped and lame, and you are straight and clean-limbed." Donogh, in the joy of his heart, never observed the change for the better which the fairy had made on his appearance, and he now became doubly rejoiced.—His store of riches was inexhaustible. He purchased all the lands belonging to the great chieftain, Teige More McCarthy; and wooed the fair Lady Maiga; who promised to marry him when he had a castle built for her reception on the romantic rock of Carrigadhroid. "Money is the grand mover," and Donogh O'Driscoll, now no longer *caum* or *gurtherough*,\* soon had the magnificent castle built in the centre of the river Lee, the beautiful ruins of which still delight the eye of the traveller. He was shortly after married to the lovely daughter of McCarthy; and here they abode during a long and happy life; but at his death the secret of the treasure died with him: the leprawaun, as is supposed, claiming the reversion. The castle came afterwards into the possession of the McCarthy family, and was a situation of importance in the civil wars of 1641. Such is the legend of Carrigadhroid.

J. L. L.

#### CRUMLAGH AT DALKEY.

SIR—With reference to the article "Dalkey," in your Journal of the 15th February, No. 85, I beg to inform your correspondent B. that about the year 1797, on that part of the common nearly opposite Dalkey Sound, stood a circle of granite blocks in a rough state, enclosing within its area a crumlagh, or what is commonly called, by the peasantry, a druid's stone or altar. At the period I mention, the upper stone or slab had slipped from off the perpendicular blocks or pillars which originally supported it, except at one end, where a passage was still left sufficiently wide to enable the writer to pass and repass under the upper flag. The stones were at the time overgrown with fern. When the Martello towers were erecting, the stones composing the ring, which were from ten

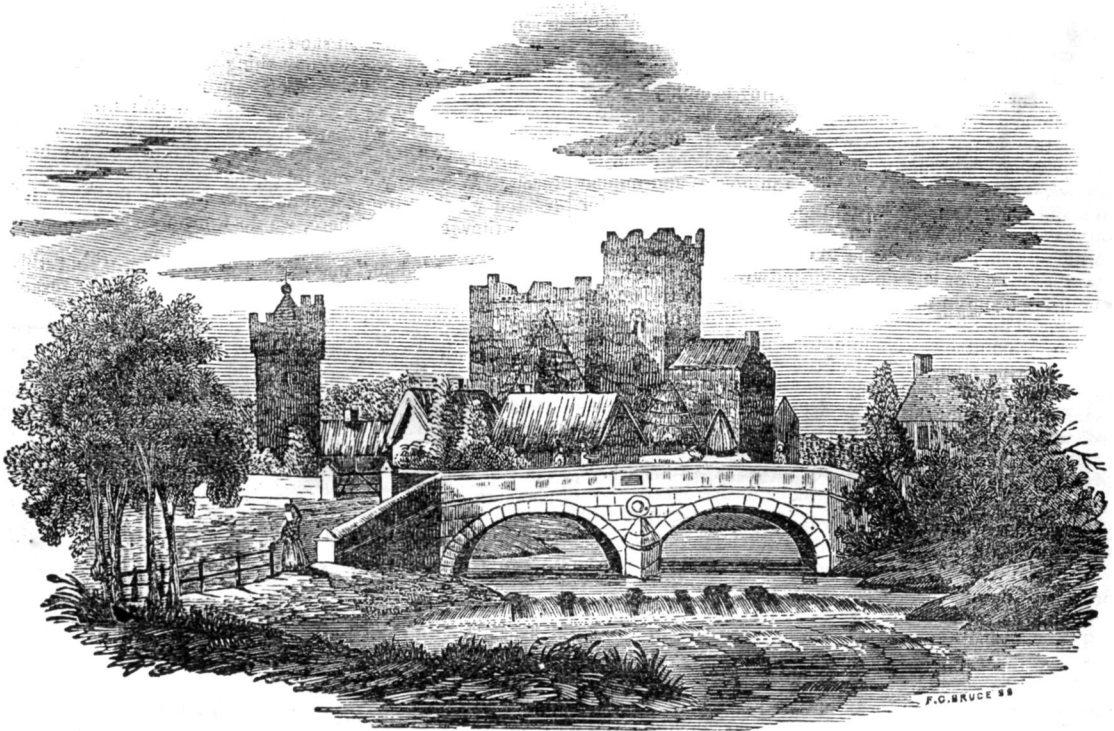
\* Poor, miserable, or miserly.

to fourteen feet square, together with the crumlagh, were blasted and quarried; I think under the directions of the late general Fisher, who, I believe, had the management of the line of military stations then erecting from Bray to Sandymount, along the coast. The antiquarian or lover of Ireland's 'by gone days,' must ever regret the destruction of an object so worthy of his attention; particularly where no possible advantage could arise, with the exception of a few hundred loads of stone obtained with facility by some public contractor.

I have not visited Dalkey for many years. The ruin

alluded to by B. formerly consisted of seven castles; and the writer remembers a considerable extent of the town wall standing: it then joined one of the castles, and crossed the Dublin road in an oblique direction. It must be within the recollection of many of the citizens of Dublin, the festive days they spent when crowning the King of Dalkey: the last coronation which took place was in the summer of 1797. Near this town was formerly worked with some advantage a lead mine, and from the ore raised, a considerable quantity of silver was obtained.

C. H. W.



TERMONFICKAN

Termonfickan, or as it is now called, Torfeckan, is a handsome village in the county of Louth, four miles north of Drogheda, pleasantly situated on a small river, (over which is a handsome cut-stone bridge), half a mile from the sea-shore, and is chiefly resorted to in summer for the benefit of sea-bathing.

The name signifies the sanctuary of Saint Fechan, who was abbot of Fowre, in the county of Westmeath; of whom Colgan says that he "founded the noble monastery of Esdara; which the lord of the territory of Leny endowed with great possessions, and with the tract of land extending from the river, which leaves the monastery, to the sea;" and we learn from Ware, that there was here an abbey of Regular Canonesses, the possessions of which were confirmed by Pope Celestine the Third, A. D. 1195.

In former times the founder of a church was obliged, prior to its consecration by the bishop, to endow it with certain properties for the maintenance of the clergy connected with the establishment. To these lands, which were denominated Erenach or Termon lands, various privileges were annexed: they were exempt from all lay charges, and became sanctuaries; and strictly "territorium ecclesiasticum"—and were in some respects equivalent to our glebe lands; and hence the name, Termonfechan.

The parish church of Saint Fechan is handsomely situated on a rising ground over the river, and is a neat commodious structure; having a good steeple and spire, but cannot boast of much antiquity. In the chancel some of the archbishops are interred. In the churchyard is an antique stone cross, about six feet high, with bas-reliefs of

the usual description, but much defaced; the church also contains some handsome mural monuments.

A short distance from the church, and commanding the road to the sea-shore, is a lofty, square, embattled tower, apparently of the reign of Henry the Eighth, in very good preservation. It consists of three stories, having a parapet at the top, with a look-out tower; and a platform on the side next the coast. From its situation and appearance, it has evidently been intended as a defence; and even yet might be used as such to advantage; being very strong, and commanding the country all round. It is now inhabited by mendicants, and is called the "curate's house;" for what reason I could never learn.

Termonfickan has been the residence of two remarkable characters—Doctor James Ussher, and Doctor Oliver Plunket; the one celebrated for his learning, the other for his misfortunes. Of the latter it may suffice to say, that he was characterized by Bishop Burnett as "a wise and sober man; who was for living quietly, and in due submission to the government." He was convicted of an impossible crime, and sentenced to an ignominious death. He was dragged on a sledge to Tyburn, and executed on the 1st of July, 1681, in the presence of an immense multitude of spectators.

After his execution, his head was severed from his body, which was divided into quarters, and buried in St. Giles's churchyard in the fields. At the end of two years it was raised, and conveyed to a monastery of English Benedictines at Lambspring, in the Duke of Brunswick's territories in Germany; and re-buried there with much pomp.—The head, however, even yet adorned with silvery hair, is